52 Tavistock Square.

We.

1925

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Saturday March 15th

this disgrace has been already explained - I think: two books to see through the press, mainly between tea & dinner; influenza, & a distaste for the pen.
at the moment (I have 7½ before dinner) I can only note that the past is beautiful because one never realises an emotion at the time. It expands later, & then one will have complete emotions about the present, only about the past. This struck me on Reading platform, watching Nessa & Quentin kiss, he coming up thirsty. Jot-with some emotion. This I shall remember; & make more of, when separated from all the busyness of crossing the platform, finding our bus. &c. That is why we dwell on the past, I think.
We went to see the children at school: the young men, I should say. Julian was there up in a pound, pounding Jst. Elects tennis Court by way of punishment. (That suggests a story about a man whose ambition was to buy a field. This keeps him alive; when he bought it, he died) Mr. Goddard came up, & Julian shouted out, "I'm at it till 5" as though they were undergraduates. Not much public school about this; but oh the horror of being Jst Goddard, & wandering out, this bitter day (it snowed) to welcome home the steeplechasers. When they ran in, they always rolled on the ground, were covered with rugs & coats. The Curt lap, their legs rose very weakly. J. & L. were utterly cynical about this, & said no one enjoyed it. But it was the right thing to do.
But this not Scratchley.

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April 8th

just back from Cannes. Often while I was there I thought how I would write here frequently & so get down some of the myriad impressions which I met every day. But directly we get back, whatever it is that happens. We step & dive into the stream, & I am obsessed with a foolish idea that there is no time to stop & write, or that I ought to be doing something serious. Even now, I fell along feverishly, thinking half the time, but I intend to stop & take Grizzle out: I must get my American books in order; the truth is, I must try to set aside half an hour some part of my day, & consecrate it to diary writing. Give it a name & a place, & then perhaps, such is the human mind, I shall come to think it a duty, & disregard other duties for it.

I am under the impression of the moment, which is the complex one of coming back home from the South of France to this wide dim peaceful privacy - London (so it seemed last night) which is not worth the accident I saw this morning: a woman crying Oh oh oh faintly, pressed against the railings with a motor car on top of her. all day I have heard that voice. I did not go to her help; but then every baker & flower seller did that. A great sense of the brutality & coldness of the world remains with me - there was this woman in brown walking along the pavement - suddenly a red fallen car turns a somersault, lands on top of her, & one hears this oh, oh, oh. I was on my way to see Nessa, new house, & met Desmond in the square, but as he had seen nothing,

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he could not in the least feel what Nelly, or Nina Esther, though she made some effort to connect it with Angelica's accident last spring. But I assured her it was only a passing brown woman; & so we went over the house composedly enough.

Since I wrote, which is these last months, Jacques Raverat has died; after longing to die: & he sent me a letter about Mrs. Dalloway which gave me one of the happiest days of my life. I wonder if this time I have achieved something? Well, nothing anyhow compared with Proust, in whom I am embedded now. The thing about Proust is his combination of the utmost sensibility with the utmost tenacity. He reaches out there butterfly thinly to the last grain. He is as tough as a Cat-cat & as evanescent as a butterfly's bloom. And he will I suppose both influence me & make me out of temper with every sentence of my own. Jacques died, as I say; & at once the siege of emotions began. I got the news with a hearty hiss — Clive, Vita now. Julian Strachey, dear: Nevertheless, I do not any longer feel inclined to doff the cap to death. Like to go out of the room talking, with an unsmoked cigar between my lips. That is the effect it had on me — no leave-takings, no last messages — but someone stepping out into the darkness. For her though the nightmare was terrific. All I can do now is to keep natural with her, which is I believe a matter of unspeakable importance. More & more do I repeat my own version of Montaigne "a life like mine matters."

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I am waiting to see what permanently comes with finality
first up in my mind. There are the rocks. We used to
go out after breakfast & sit on the rocks with the sun on us.
& I used to sit without a hat, writing on his knee. One
morning he found a sea urchin – They are red with
spikes which squirm slightly. Then we would go
walk in the afternoon, right up over the hill, into the
wood, where one day we heard the motor cars –
discovered the road to La Ciota just beneath. It was
stony, steep & very hot. We heard a great chattering
birdlike noise once, & I thought of the frogs. The
ragged red tulips were out in the fields: all the
fields were little angular shelves cut out of the hill, &
ruled & webbed with vines; & all red, & rosy &
purple here & there with the spray of some giant tree in
bud. Here & there was an ancient white, or yellow &
blue washed house, with always shutters tightly closed, &
flat paths round it. & once rows of stocks, an
incomparable cleanness & definiteness everywhere.
At La Ciota great orange tufts rose up out of the
blue water of the little bay. All there bay are
very circular, & fringed with the pale coloured
plaster houses, very tall, shuttered, patched & peeled,
now worth a pot & tufts of green on them, now
with clothes drying: now an old old woman looking.
On the hill, which is stony as a desert, the nets
were drying. & then in the street children
& girls romped & meandered all in pale bright
shawls & cotton frocks, while the man hacked
up the earth of the main square to make a
flowered court yet. The Hotel Cendrillon

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is a white house, with red tiled floors, inhabited by charming perhaps & people. There were Mrs Toogood, the Howards, Miss Betty Roberts, Mrs Gurney, Mr Francis &, finally, Mr Hugh Anderson, Mr Garrow Tomlin. All deserve pages of description. And then the whole hotel atmosphere pervaded me with many ideas: oh so cold, indifferent, superficially polite, exhibiting such odd relationships: as though men nature were now reduced to a kind of code, which then devised to meet these Emergencies, where people who do not know each other meet, & claim their rights as members of the same race. As a matter of fact, we got onto touch all round: but our depths were not invaded. But I & I were too too happy, as they say: it was new to die re. Nobody shall say of me that I have not known perfect happiness, but few could put their finger on the moment, or say what made it. Even I myself, throwing occasionally on the bread of content could only say that this is all I want; could not think of anything better; & had only my half superstitious fear of the Gods who must when they have created happiness, grudge it. Not if you get it in unexpected ways though.

Sunday 19th April: This new after dinner, our post summer time night, & the mood for writing has left me, only just brushed me & left me. I have not achieved my second hour yet. But think – in time to come I would rather read something here than what I did yesterday. M Mr Percy Lubbock successfully. I'm out to make £300 this summer by writing. & build a bath & a hot water range at Rodmell. But, hah, hah – my books tremble on the verge of coming out, & my future is uncertain. As for forecasts – it just as the cards Mr Galsworthy is a success (Harcourt thinks it "wonderful"), & sells 2,000 – I don't expect it. I expect a slow silent increase of fame, such

has come about, rather miraculously, since J & R were published. my value mounting steadily on as a journalist, though slowly a copy sold. And I am not very nervous — rather; & I want as usual to dig deep down into my new stories, without having a working plan flashed in my eye — Todd, to write Colleys to write &c et cetera.

Leyton came in the other night. He seemed to me autumnal: with that charming rectitude of spirit which no one else attains so perfectly I think. His political friend is considerable. But Christ is dismissed, to his disappointment, for he grows more & more fussy about subjects: Christ he says did not exist: was a figment; & so much is known that really he couldn't put it all together in one book. Then perhaps Philip Ritchie is wanting. We talked of old buggers & their lack of attraction for young men. My anti-buggers revolution has run round the world, as I hoped it would. I am a little touched by what appears their contrition, & anxiety to condone their faults. Get it Kent say what's in my mind, I have a fling with Chris Colmel now & then, what's the use of me? The pale star of the bugger has been in the ascendant too long. Lucian agrees emphatically. We had good Rodney at Rednock — June weather & a gram- ophone, & Rodney was beneath us: ah, but how sweetly I sunk; what violet shadows there are between the high lights, & one, perhaps, as unreasonable as another. But this properly belongs to a story.

Yesterday we went to Mrs's show with dear Shelley & Stephen, who seems to me an elder brother, 20 years younger than I am. We come back to tea & all their flowers, & the bloom of the year descends as I write — it becomes sad, beautiful, memorable I & ate a great many prawns, & then discussed Murphy. Alas! — she has a temper. She is an ill-conditioned mongrel woman, of no

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charm, a Bohemian scatty way, something like Lucy knew to work at, or not destroyed for a long life here, I suppose. But Eyre. Thompson plaintive is gentlemanly: does not insist, & sees the drawbacks; Leonard will have to pick out the tooth on Thursday. I do not suspect some hidden cyclorama: I suspect the harbours stores.

Margery & her Tom looked in at the basement this evening, very happy. L. says, & indeed I think she must enjoy her situation to the last crumb - money, food, security, & supply of young men, & her faithful Tom, & a little dress allowance, & breakfast table consideration. She is a nice trusty creature into the bargain, & I wished to see anyone, I daresay it would be her.

At this moment, all we wish is to escape seeing anyone. Tomorrow I shall buy a new dress. I observe how that sum hovering jerky & jumpy, & my conscience is asserting that I ought to read Mrs. Ring Lardner & earn my 5d guineas.

Monday April 20th

Happiness is to have a little strong ants which things will attach themselves. For example, going to my dressmaker in Judd Street, or rather thinking of a dress I could get her to make, & imagining it made — that is the strong. which has got dotted loosely into a wave of fragrance being up pearls sticking to it. Poor Marjory is in the cyclorama, owing to Leonard's fiery harshness — Each gesture whether he would most extremely deny. She has no strong dipping into the green wave: things don't connect for her, & add up into those entrancing bundles what are happiness. And my days are likely to be strong with them. I like this London life in early summer — the street

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Wentworth Square haunting. & then if my books (I never speak of this pamphlet) were to be a success; if we could begin building at Monks, & put up a workman for Nelly, & get the Keats to live at Thanet Cottage – if – if – if – what will happen is some intermittent pleasure, some profound plunges of gloom. Bad reviews, & being ignored; & then some delicious clap of Compliment. But really what I should like would be to have £3 to buy a pair of rubber soled boots, & go for country walks on Sundays.

One thing in considering my state of mind now, seems to me beyond dispute: that I have, at last, bored down into my vein well, & can dribble fast enough to bring it all to the surface. & I have now at least 6 stories welling up in me, & feel, at last, that I can coin all my thoughts into words. What – what an infinite number of problems remain; but I have never felt their rush & urgency before. I believe I can write much more quickly: if writing stories – this dash at the paper of a pleasure, & then the typing & retyping – flying it over. & the actual writing being now like the wrap of a brush; I fall it up afterwards. Now suppose I might become one of the interesting – I will not say great – but interesting novelists? Oddly, for all my vanity, I have not until now had much faith in my novels, or I kept them my own experience

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Monday
absent
27th

The Common Reader was out on Thursday: this is Monday, &
so far I have not heard a word about it, Murata or bubble:
this is as if one tossed a stone into a pond, & the waters
closed without a ripple. And I am perfectly content, or
care less than I have ever cared, & make this note
just to remind me next time of the sublime progress of my books.
I have been sitting in Vogue, the ~~Bede~~ Beeks that is, in
their new, which Mrs Woolner built on his studio, & perhaps
it was there he thought of my mother, whom he wished to
marry, I think. But my present reflection is that
people have any number of states of consciousness: & I should
like to investigate the party consciousness, the stock
consciousness &c. The fashion would at the Beeks — Mrs
Garland was there superintending a display —
is certainly one: whose people secrete an envelope which
connects them & protects them from others, like myself,
who am outside the envelope, foreign bodies,
these states are very difficult (objectively I stole for
Seland selves is what I mean words) but I'm always coming back to it. The
party consciousness. for Example: Sybil consciousness.
You must not break it. This something real.
You must keep it up: compare together. Still I cannot
get at what I mean. Then I meant to dash off
Graves before I forget him:
Figure a bottle-eyed blue chinned shockheaded
heathen man in a blue overcoat standing goggling at the
door at 4.30, on Friday. "Mr Woolf?"
Glendining a respectful some Nathan Jewish some
young man determined to embarrass himself,
led him to the basement, where he said "I'm
Graves". "I'm Graves" Everybody stared. He
appeared to have been rushing through the air at
60 miles an hour & to have alighted temporarily.

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So he came up, & only as Jan. I knew that to advance
holding the kettle in a dishclout was precisely the
right method, attitude, pose. The poor boy is all
emphasis proclaiming a pose. He has a crude likeness
to Shelley, save that his nose is a pugnacious & his
jaw is blurred. But the consciousness of genius is
bad for people. He stayed till 7.15 (we were going
to Caesar & Cleopatra - a strange & rhetorical
romantic early Shaw play) & had at last to say so,
for he was so thick in the delight of explaining his
way of life to us that we see stuck fast in honey, in -
He works: his wife cleans: 4 children are brought up by the
Elementary school: the villagers give them vegetables: they
were married in church: his wife calls herself
Nancy Nicolson: Went to Jarvis's, said to him
I must have a house for nothing: on a river: in a village
with a square church tower: near but not on a railway -
all of which, as she knows her mind, he procured.
Calling herself Nicolson has united his fortunes with those of goats.
All this & then rounded like the usual self consciousness of
young men, especially as he threw in, flatteringly, the
information that, tho he descends from Dean Inge Bishop
Von Ranke &c &c &c: only in order to say that he
despises them. Well, well, he is a nice ingenuous
rabbit headed young man; but why should one age just
this burden of proof on us? Merely one could live
simply without protestations. I said, perhaps, to carry
favour, as my weakness is. I was adamant. Then we
were offered a ticket for the Lupton, to see us.
Grove has come to London after 6 years: can't travel in
a train without being sick; is rather proud of his
sensibility. No I don't think he'll write great
poetry: but what with you? The sensitive are
naked too; the half baked, stammering, stuttering, shy
who perhaps improve them over quarter of Oxfordshire -
And on Sunday we had our first walk
to Epping

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Wednesday
April
29th

— hartley (Moore waiting) I must record the fact of Tom's long garlet emotional rather remarkable & excited visit last night, which informed us of his release (that have not yet sent in my demission) from the Bank: some heaven sent appointment, providing "4 5th £ gives great salary" & a guarantee, being "humanly speaking" certain, to take effect next October. — whether Lady Rothermere (who has become 'very nice') or the 4 by review, he sayeth not. Then he has a house near Hoare Sqre in view, rent £58 only, & so hopes to start fresh, & has been thinking over his whole life these last weeks, being alone with time on his hands. He has seen his whole life afresh, seen his relations to the world, & to Vivien in particular, become humbler suppler more benign — Good, sensitive honourable man as he is, accusing himself wrong the American husband, & wishing to tell me personally (I gave to fetch the letters) what Rose V. left by me, has done nothing but write since last June, because I told her to! She then defended not writing, which is by device he said, & went into her psychology. Then he said to L: (Harry told us that he must place his remarks very carefully to get in well he had to say) Do you know anything about psycho-analysis? L. said yes, in his responsible way; & Tom then told us the queer story — how Martin the dr. set V. off thinking the childhood terror of loneliness, & now she can't let him, Tom, out of her sight. There he has sat penned in her room these 3 months, poor frail creature, & she has to go out, comes into find him in a heavy fainting state.

"Tomorrow will be wretched" he said, for

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he was now away from 8 to 11. We advised another doctor. But whether it doctor or nurse or holiday or travel or some drastic method unknown that is to cure that little nervous tag. Curious bundle — heaven knows. She has the abstract, he the historic sense he said. The upshot was a queer sense of his emotion in coming to tell us all this — something not merely touching to my vanity but to my sense of human nature, I think; his asking for an affection, trust in Leonard, a being so much at his ease in some subterranean way he said, not in conversation, with me, all making me lay my arm on his shoulder; not a very permanent Coley, but the best I can do.

And now I'm a little fidgety about the Common Reader, not a single word yet from a soul, a perhaps a Review in the Lit Sup's tomorrow. But this is quite exceptionally superficial; beneath my fidgets being considerable flatulency.

Friday May 15th

This is a note for future reference as they say. The Common Reader came out 8 days ago, & so far not a single review has appeared, & no body has written to me or spoken to me about it or in any way acknowledged the fact of its existence: save Maynard Lydia, & Duncan. Clive is conspicuously dumb; Mortimer has yet & can't review it. Nancy saw him reading it but reported no opinion: all signs which point to a dull dull depressing reception; & complete failure. I have just come through the hopeful fearful stage, & now see my disappointment floating like an old bottle in my wake & am off on fresh adventures. Only the same things happen to Dalloway or need not be surprised. But I must write to Gwen.

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Wardey
May
4th

This is the temperature chart of a book. We went to Cambridge, & Goldie said he thought me the finest living critic: the paralysed man, Hayward said, in his jerky angular way "Who wrote that extraordinarily fine article on the Elizabethans 2 or 3 months ago in the Lit. Sup.?" I shouted to my breast. Now there's one steering review in Country life, almost inarticulate with feebleness, trying to say what a Common reader is, & another says Angus, in the Star, laughing at Nina's Cover. So from this I prognosticate a fine deal of Criticism on the ground that I'm obscure & odd; & some enthusiasm: a slow sale, & an increased reputation. Oh yes — my reputation increases. But I am headachy, & cannot go to a concert with Angus, or Leonard is giving Randal his farewell dinner, & it a relief to sit quiet (The joy of giving up an engagement is supreme) & I wish I could describe Pernel Cambridge, Bracketwaite & Hayward, with a flat cast for Thompson. A lovely blaa pub, like all places, now, of this wave of the past. Walking past the Darwins I noticed the willows: I brought with that growing of maternal affection: what went comes to me, & purely down there, of Rupert: then I went to Newnham, & kindled Mrs Palmer who talk'd Pernel marrying an Archbishop.

No, I can't face it out: Mr Apjohn stuck in my gizzard; I shall read Moore till dinner; & then again till Leonard comes in. No, I don't want to hear Bach, & by giving Angus the tickets, relieved him: a charming young man for company. Pernel was queer than I've ever known her. We talked over her fern, Josephus — how Kate died, taking the dog for a walk till a week of the end; entirely reserved; like a skeleton, like a dead person with sarcoma; no doctor, no medicine, nearly — the 58 brown diaries burnt. Insipore.

TYPE

Saturday
May
9th

Just back from the Greek play at Therwick with Lydia & Bertie Rick: a fine spring day, all the lilac out dancing across the Park: that Harrison journey very pounded on a walk with Nessa Clive & Thoby. ~~which~~ Thoby & I agreed in calling Hyde Park 'urbane'!

As for the Common reader, the Lit Sup had close on 2 columns sober & sensible praise — ~~neither~~ neither are thing nor the other — my fate in the Times. And Goldie writes that he thinks "this is the best criticism on Greek humour, with a profound" — My fate is to be treated to all extremes & ask medio tutissimus. But I never set an enthusiastic review in the Lit Sup. And Nicolls is the same for Galloway, which now approaches.

I'm jangled & jaded, having sat next the Sea horse Sally Oliver, who oozes lust at the right & wrong men dancing. Last night we made a meagre meal with the Sawyers, where beauty in life, as Bertie Rick might say — a lewd woman that, deported in a lewd South Kensington Road, like an Equestrienne, in pale Jason with a Carnation, & her front teeth with a red ridge at them where her lips had touched them — Little Lydia I liked: how does her mind work? Like a lark soaring, a sort of flourishing instinct inspires her: I suppose a very nice nature, & devotion at Maynard's hands.

Last night we had Morgan & Braa; Morgan pleading with Leonard to come & see his — operated on for broken bone in the wrist, I should have added, but it is now

Thursday 14th May, the first day of summer, leaves visibly growing out of the bud, & the square almost green. Oh what a country day — & some of my friends are now reading Mrs D: in the country.

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I meant to regale more grey books temperatures. C.R. does
not sell; but is praised. I was really pleased to learn the Manchester
Guardian this morning & read Mr. Barnet on the Art of W.
Pulliana combined with integrity; profound as well as
Eccentric. Now if only the Times would speak out-then, but the
times mumbles & murmurs like a spa fuckery bubbler - Did
I say that I had nearly 2 resembling columns on me there?
But the odd thing is this: heartily I am scarcely a shade
nervous about Mrs. W. why is this? Really I am a little
bored, for the first time, at thinking how much I shall have
to talk about it this summer. The truth is that
writing is the profound pleasure & I envy read the superficial.
I'm now all on the stream with desire to stop journalism &
get on to To the Lighthouse. This is going to be fairly
short: to have Father's character done complete in it: &
Mother: to have Father's character done complete in it: &
Mary I try to put in - life, death &c. But the
Centre is Father: character, sitting in a boat. Jane reading
We perished, each alone, while he crunches a dying mackerel -
However, I must repair. I must walk a few little stones
first: & let the Lighthouse simmer, adding to it
between tea & dinner till this is complete for working out -
Yesterday was a terrific chatter day - Desmond on top &
Mr. Leger. Lord Olivier on top of Desmond James -
how many press interviews & committees not the
bargain. The League of Nations is booming (Isn't I
mean.) What I meant to describe my dear old Desmond,
whom it rejoiced me to see again, & he held out
both his hands, & I set him in his chair & we
talked till 1 o'clock. He is rather worn & aged; a
little, I think, feeling that here I 45 am busy & nothing
achieved; except indeed the children, whom he dotes
dotes on - Micky to walk, Desmond & Rachel to play &

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warbling on flute & piano: all his human relations very fertile & flourishing, but oh, he said, talking of Norgeneys, that let him give up the Corn Exchange & take to literature! I saw him thinking of his 50 articles for 5 years, his ~~two~~ wallet of old articles lying dusty in boxes, & now & Geoffrey Scott promoted to do Venice, which Desmond should have done in the year 1912. I remember him telling me the story at Brunswick Square. So I said I would take the thing in hand & see it through which touched him; for children are not enough, she said: one want something to. So made out queerly alone — a 5 boxes of dusty articles are rather raggy & rotten for 45 years. And he praised the L.R. with enthusiasm: & well with an it, & so we chattered along: Vernon Lee, with her cheapness in & specific taste; & her dramatic Italian; & her Yiddish way of telling things. So that she dare not write her memoirs: Lely Langtry coming down the telephone steps & her daughter looming behind her, loveliness that "struck me in the breast:" also Logan & Ottoline — how Alys is ill & the cancer again — "a most unhappy miserable life poor woman" — I having the new Mrs. B.R. on one side, would be chafed to death by Ott: next door: but like a tool, Logan made room & then clear, & only complained that the village peace & Chelsea would be destroyed by O. who naturally prevented. In all this; Desmond acts as solvent — Go between, Everyone sponging on his good nature — Sense. What she did we do see? The Ethans? The Phoenix: poor Ray Strachey miserable by mouth. little body: when L. came, & then the dinner party, I just having time for a race round the Square: both Wilde & James very Easy & affable, indeed

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for Dadie I feel considerable affection – so sensitive & tender is he, & one of these days will set a fruit on himself, & be less of a Quicksilver. Indeed, strangers he talked very seriously & excitedly of his dissertation & poets & words, how they live on to a word & fill it with new meaning & make it a symbol: but what these scholars want is to get at the books through working books, not through reading them.

But I must remember to write about my clothes next time I have an impulse to write. My love of clothes interests me profoundly: only that is not love; & what it is I must discover.

Friday May 15th. – two unfavourable reviews of Mrs. D (Eileen Wm. Maid & Statesman) unintelligent, not art at all: & a letter from a young man in Earls Court ("This time you have done it — you have caught life & put it in a book ... Please forgive the attempt. But further protestation is unnecessary: & I don't think I should bother to write this, if I weren't puzzled, what by? the sudden heat, I think, & the racket of life this week for me to see my own photograph. And there been launching with Desmond, & reading that dear old Owl's journalism. The thing is, he can't thrust through an article. Now Lytton & I, though we might think belle on write belles, have a devil in us, which make an article whole. And yet there are things worth keeping. & he himself moved, & irrational when he thinks of it, & I want him to be pleased – so we lunched in the Grill Room Connaught Rooms where other men were talking tycoons, & had a bottle of wine & delved into the filth baskets as he calls them. Home to find Vogue & Tatler photographs – more photographs: T. P. want one, the Money Post another. & the C.R. asks 2 or 3 times a day.

We are going to the plays entirely this January coloured London – but journalism is the devil. I cannot write after receiving it. no time – & I must change, & write about clothes some day soon.

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Sunday
May 16th

A letter from Raymond in Paris – just read W. D. Stiffs quite beautiful – a very good, entirely wholly pleasing review (R in the Observer – "no literary critic" &c – But this is not ask vanity: I'm recording for accuracy: the fate of book – the only judgment on W. D. I await with trepidation (but think too strong) is Morgan's. He will say something enlightening.

Just back (after my days here begin with this) from Sutton Oh at a late summer weather – so hot one can't walk on sunny side, & all London – even Lavender Hill Lambeth white peels visibly in the sun – transmogrified. We had a bad walk, all along the Undertrack, with soft just patter, watching ch. we could not take, owing to Li lecture, delivered in a semi-religious sanctuary, with hymns, prayers & a chapter from the Bible. The whole of Sutton was humming something: soft intense strains of human went warbling about, as I sat: & I was touched & moved by it: the world so beautiful. Good soft tone, said the Chairman, who looked born man as if he had never had an ounce of pleasure in his life. They become very familiar to me, so that I sometimes think humanity is a vast wave undulating: the same. I mean: the same emotions here that there were at Richmond. Please have some tea – we shall be part of you don't accept our hospitality. Accordingly you do: & the same queer brew of human fellowship, is brewed: & people look the same; & joke in the same way, & come to these odd superficial agreements, ch. & you think & they persisting & wide spread – in jungle. Women, better & dearer – are not superficial: but rather profound, I think. We came home on top of bus all the way to a Notting, with the crowd glimpsed down lanes, into farmyards, at runaway streams, peering in between villas, & behind sunbaked yellow & black motor roads. A little

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girl on the bus asked her mother how many inches are there in a mile. Her mother repeated this to me. I said you meant go to School & they'll tell you. But she is at School said her mother. She's seven; & he (the baby in the prince) goes to School. He's 3 three. So I gave them two biscuits left over, & the little girl (see my Epithesm) with her bright expectable eyes, & ~~Exterior~~ Eagerness to grasp the whole universe reminded me sympathy, as they, questioning my mother. We saw Lambeth. & I imagined the perils & clergymen in the bus cage, which is very thick: crossed Westminster Bridge; admired the Houses of Parliament & their pelted lacy work; passed the Cenotaph, which & commenced by doing with his hat at all the way up Whitehall. & so home, passing a negro gentleman, perfectly jolted with swallow tail & bowler — gold headed cane; & what were his thoughts? after degradation stamped on him, nevertheless he raised his hand & drew it black as a monkeys article, tinged with flesh colour within?

Yesterday we had tea with Margaret in her new house. There are three peoples, a behind them St Pauls. But I don't want to live in the suburbs again: There we sat, & I teased her. & she me, & she minded a little, & got red & then white, as if her centre were not very firm. She is desirous to behave, who has the small worries & is not allowed to plant flowers, she said bitterly, for it worries Margaret. & so nothing is done to the garden, which too worries Margaret. For these worries, she likes Ethel M. Dell & Dickens. Why, she said, should D. character be like people, when he can create people? — an interesting criticism, I think. We hit it off very well. Chiefly owing to my weldness & harum Scarumness, I think: & I am very fond of her, & sorry for her, & in

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how awful it would be to 'retire' at 60: to sit down a hook at popular
prices? Moreover, the once said she had 'compromised'; her father
making entire work impossible; & the new regents they, I imagine:
has done so little of the world, & carried nothing to the
extreme. Little Lilian vertebrate too, compared with what she
might have had. But, after all, that's enough.
The time is now ripe for dinner. And I must answer some of my
admirers. Never have I felt so much admired — so tomorrow
snubs will snub me back again into them.

Wednesday 15th May

Well Morgan admires. This is a weight off my mind
Better than Jacob he says: was sparing of words; kissed my hand,
& on going said he was awfully pleased, very happy (or words
to that effect) about it. Its thanks — but I want so much
detailed criticism. What hear more; & this is only about the
Style being simpler, more like other people's this time.
I dined with the Stewells last night. Edith is an
old maid. I had never conceived this: I thought she
was severe, implacable & tremendous: rigid in her
own conception. Not a bit yet. She is, I guess, a
little young, very kind, beautifully mannered, &
a little reminding me of Emphie Coe! She is
elderly too, almost my age, a timid, & admiring &
easy & poor, & I liked her more than admired & was
frightened of her. Nevertheless, I do admire her work, &
that's what I say cheerily anyon: she has a ear, & note
Carpet broom: a satiric vein; & some beauty in her.
How one exaggerates public figures! How one
makes up a person immune from one's own pleasures &
feelings! But Edith is humble: has lived in a
park alone till 27, & so described nothing but
sights & sounds. Then came to London, & is
trying to get a little emotion into her poetry — all
of which I respected, & think promising. Then how

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Eager she was to wait for the Ren, which had always been
her great ambition, the raid. Why could he more
cancelabory & less yan eagle than she; odd looking but,
noble. her humorous old mouth much, her bony chest
eyes, her dark hair; her delicate hands, wearing a
large ring. & fine feet, & her brocaded dress, blue &
silver. Nothing of the prelate or pamphleteer or
former seemed in her — rather the well born Victorian
spinster. so I must end her speech. There were
Francis, Raymond, Wally & a little American toad
called Towne, who soaked himself in liquor & became
almost losing his wit. The three sit well
have considerable breeding about them; I like their long
noses & grotesque faces. Cer for the horses, Orlest is
at heart an English squire; a collector but one of
Brobdingnag plants, rare Victorian
cases & humming birds, & not of boyes trades &
dress homes. His rooms are all stuck about
with these objects. And I liked him too. But
why are they thought daring & clever? why are
they the laughing stocks of the music halls & the
penny a liners?

Not much talk, all very good natured
Generalities after dinner, Francis drawling, Wally
sombre & demure, & I very indulgent with all
my compliments. & now tomorrow supper & then
(here L. came in & told me about R. Macdonald at the
Labour party meeting)

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Monday June 15

Bank holiday, & we are in London. To record my books fates
negatively bores me: but new both are floated. W. d. doing
surprisingly well. 1070 already sold. Recorded Morgan
opinion: then Vita was a little doubtful; then Desmond, whom
I see frequently about the book, dashed all my praise by
saying that Logan thought Mrs E. R. well enough, but nothing more.
Desmond has an abnormal power for depressing me.
He takes the edge off life in some extraordinary way:
love him: but his balance & gentleness & hungover
heavenly in themselves, somehow diminish tension.
I think I feel this not only about my work but about life.
However now comes Mrs Hardy to say that Thomas read, &
hears the E-R- read, with "great pleasure". Indeed
praise for Logan, & he's a salt veined American. Three loud
high praise. Ethel Sandwith asks about them.
We are now considering a change to a widow called
by courtesy Smith, Jones' sister; which will despatch
Fraser Mumpsley, but are said to be very sentimental over
her, & to dote in with a placid powerful professional
woman is precisely what we want to push us
to selling. Augustus is a little tempted — not that we in
any way, I hasten to say, complain of them; but
Mumpsley is temperamental, untidy, slothful, & turns
Crosby about accounts.

A week ago we had a great invasion — Ottoline
surprising us with Julian Philips & a fathom
Hardy. Ottoline was very affectionate, & perhaps
affection being so much time & habit, I too have
some real affection for her. But how can I
analyse my jealousy? I like Evergne: I said at
46 the other night: & Duncan said I liked Evergne.
& I thought Evergne quite new each time. That was
at dinner to meet Miss Warner, the new

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Chatto & Windus bookstall, & indeed he has some merit – enough to make me spend 2/6 on her, I think. This a sunny restful day, – standing on Hyde Park to listen to the debaters, that furtive Jew, Lock, who dogs my life at intervals of 10 years, touched me on the shoulder, & took 2 photographs of me, measuring his distance with a black tape, provided by his wife. She usually tells people to hold one end next their hearts: but this is a joke. We had been hanging about Covent Garden to autograph singers & had lunched at 2.30. I asked if she were a professional, which hurt his pride: he owned to taking a great interest in it, & said he had a large collection.

Tom came in yesterday, rather rockier than last time, not quite so flushed with success, & inclined to particularise the state of Vivien's bowels too closely for my taste. We both almost laughed, she has a queer rule, a large lever, & so on. What is more to the point is that Tom is to be the editor of a new magazine, which some old firm is issuing in the autumn, & ask his wonted rent for them – a blow for us.

He said nothing of my book. With great dignity I did not ask for his opinion. People often lend books for weeks & weeks. And anyhow, for my part I hate getting an opinion

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to work off the intense depression left by dermond.
What does this come from? But there just made this
beautiful image - how he is like a wave that never breaks,
but tollows one this way & that way & the tail
hangs or ever most & the sun beats down - ach, all
the result of dennis & ulloa talking till 3 in the
morning with El^la Biberco, with whom I had tea
yesterday. She is a fat housekeeper & a woman,
& excellent manager, bustling, economical, entirely
without nerves, imagination or sensibility, but
what a good housekeeper, how she keeps the
books down, - what a good woman of business,
how weak - how weak she would not be
in housekeeper. - how she would rise to his interests —
entertain his customers, with her sprightly
rather broad jokes, standing with her
thumbs in her armpits, on the other side of the
bar, with all her false diamond flashy, she
tubby pig eyes, her broad fat hips & cheeks —
this is the spiritual truth about Biberco: the
fact was that she his wife, in green crepe de
chine, with real diamonds on her fingers, &
a silk gauze, & talks the talk brilliantly to
the most intellectual set in London — so she does,
to Osmond, to Mortimer, a poor Philip Ritchen,
& poor Lady Ma, having sacrificed my
Mozart 5 tet to her, from which I should have
got Lathom & poor Eleanor instead of the
breakfast cup - a rather impure delight.
For I had to fun. There was old Asquith in

arms akimbo

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And then I was ruffled by Nelly, but got over it by spending £50 of charm. And now I remember — how fatal this is to remember after a quarrel what one did not say — one might have said. If you have Lottie every day why should I not have my friends? But one can't — & the "jealous" that is the truth. And next time I will say it — & it was Mrs Mayer coming that upset us; always people when we have dinner parties.

And we had Vita, Edith Sitwell, Morgan, Gadie, Kitty Lear — did Vita present me with a whole tree of blue lupins, & they very unconscious & charming, while Edith was like a Roman Emperor, so definite clear cut, magisterial & got work something of the temper of a fish wife — a little too commanding about her own poetry, ready to dictate. Remotely pleased by Morgan's compliments (& he never praised Vita, who not hurt, insolent, blank, like a spoilt Schoolboy)

Monday June 5th

Jan is the hottest June on record. Who not take this seriously — only it is very hot. & we were at Karen yesterday. There was Irene & her Phil. I am like always having forgot at ½ to 6 this morning to describe her. She has spread a little, has a double chin, an emphatic nose, & the fat wells in round her eyes, which are the old staring sea green blue. And she has her old ways — her straight forwardness, downrightness, ideals; love adventure, but never what is so becoming as bold. For in fact she's grown stereotyped, metallic, harsh; her voice brazen, & her cheeks crude. She respected me, & respected Bloomsbury, & adored Leonard, whom she thought so salutary for Phil, but we

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both suspect schemes for making Phil the foreign sec. in the next Labour Government. Liked her best when she talked about the Great Peasants, & that she may retain some charm. But the talk, talk, talk; diverts her way into a hard kind of energy into whatever may be going forward — would like, I imagine, to write book, & know the right people, but instead protects a horror of success, & want to keep Phil unspoilt. She also wants to be the mistress of men, I imagine, & a little regrets that age should have separated her from that fanatical past until very obviously hers. She veered as usual, towards Desmond, professed her horror of 'hunting Molly — a very gallant creature' & almost drove L. distracted by asking him what he thought of the character of every politician.

No, she has not grown rich: the platitudes have come off & their rather steely & common underneath — hopeless today, Had some traces of ancient emotion, chiefly at the wound of her right & left hands — hands expressing motherhood, perhaps; but mostly felt very flat, unable to bump up anything, & thus uncomfortable. To them, the squalid East End country, the woman who whitens with a parted throat, the terrific journey home along the hot road, added. And the tragic & never came, & we had a second night of heavy food, pure hearted Phil, with his principles & his ability, & his athleticism, and about to irene till late

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Sunday
June
14th

a disgraceful confession – this is Sunday morning, & just after ten, & here I am sitting down to write dearly & not fiction or review, or that any excuse, except the state going mind. after finishing those two books, though, one can't concentrate directly on a new one; & then the letters, the talk, the reviews, all serve to enlarge ~~my~~ the fruitful going mind more & more. I can't settle in, can't act, & that mysely off. I've written 6 little stories, scrambled them down untidily, & have thought out, perhaps too clearly, To the Lighthouse. And both books so far are successful. More of Wallaway has been sold this month than of Jacob in a year. I think it possible we may sell 2,000. The Common one is making money this week. And I get treated at great length & solemnity by old gentlemen.

A powerful, heavy, light blue eyed woman of 50, Mrs Cartwright wants to succeed Murphy, & Murphy wants to stay. How people want work! How tremendous a hold a very little money has in the world! But what the solution is to be, & how we are to find it, I know not. Here I salute Leonard with unstinted, indeed childlike, admiration. Somehow he will gently & firmly decide the whole thing, while I simper & I wobble & prevaricate. But then I have a child's trust in Leonard. Waking this morning, rather depressed that he'd did not sell yesterday, that we had Peter, Eileen Power & Hobhouse & Ray last night, & found it hard work, & not a single complement encouraged me, that I had bought a glass necklace for £1, that I had a sore throat & a streaming nose, rather under the weather, stay, I snuggled in to the core going hope, which is this complete comfort with it: & there found everything so satisfactory & calm that I revived myself, & got a fresh start; feeling entirely immune. The immense success of our hope, is I think, that our treasure is hid away; or rather in such common things that nothing can touch it. That is,

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A one horse ride to Richmond, sitting on the green cushions
taking the letters out of the box, airing the marmots, combing
Grizzle, making an ice, opening a letter, sitting down
after dinner, ride by side, & saying "Ate fen in your
stall, brother?" — well, what can trouble this happiness?
And every day is necessarily just got. Never depended upon
making speeches, or money, or getting asked to parties —
which reminds me of Oldboi's ghastly party the other night.
What possessed me to talk all the time to Helen Asquith?
Partly that the plethora of young men slightly annoys me.
Really, I am not a good listener. With all my vanity, I'm
come now to be a little cynical, & why don't I so much
relish the admiration of the Turners, Ketchins, & Gathorne Hardys?
A woman is much more warmly sympathetic. She carries her
atmosphere with her. And Obt: powers of hostessry are
all worn threadbare. People sat about at great
distances, & one heard a tense of the clock ticking, & Obt. saying
This is a failure, a failure, & not knowing how to
pick the pieces up. Now I must answer Gerald Brenan,
& read the Genji: for tomorrow I make a second £20. from
Vogue. Did I say that I am rejected by Sybil?
From being Sybil, she has become Lady Colefax. No
entertains for a month.

Tuesday 16th

This is the fag end of my morning's work on Genji, which
runs a little too easily from my pen & must be compressed &
compacted. Wellaway. Nessa, has hit her head against
some impassable barrier of the table, just as Jacob
did, & Horace tells there last 3 days. Yet my
friends are enthusiastic — really so, I think: & ready to
acclaim me successful, arrived, triumphant with this
book: Clive, Mary, Molly, Roger, my latest allies.
We have sold 1240, I think; so the wave spread
further than Jacob, & has a ripple left perhaps.

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brought in Leonard's festival night the feast of the Brethren, a
presumably some overflow of them here. "Why do human beings
torment their ways of torturing themselves?" Them's his words;
for he has to preside & speak. Old Lytton, I am reminded,
has fairly passed from our lives. No word about my books;
no visits since Easter. I imagine that when he takes a
new love, & he has stages, he gets surly, like a stag: he
feels a little ridiculous, uneasy, & does not relish the
Company of old cynical friends like ourselves. And in
fact, when I hear the story from stages, of his agony & entreaty -
despair, I only feel slightly nauseated. It makes
the young men lucky being & laugh at them; & there is a
touch of senility in this exposure of himself, which,
practically speaking, his admirers (and being in society
& the most refined, milk & watery kind: nothing that taxes the
mind or stimulates: how feeble Phelps for instance, who is
precisely like an Eton boy in an Eton jacket: & yet
they are ice & a foreigner!) "them's his words" —
this reminds me I must get back to W. Coppard. There are
moments when all the masterpieces do no more than
strum upon broken strings. One very rare - the right mood for
reading — in its way as intense a delight as any. But for
the most part pain.

June 18th

No, Lytton does not like Mrs. Dalloway. & that is odd,
I like him all the better for saying so, & don't much mind.
What he says is that there is a discordancy between
the ornament (extremely beautiful) & what happens (rather
ordinary - or unconstant.) This is caused he thinks
by some discrepancy in Clarissa herself: he thinks
she is disagreeable & limited, but that) alternately laugh at
her, & cover her, very remarkably, with mercy. However,
so that I think as a whole, the book does not
ring solid. Yet, he says, it is a whole; & he says
sometimes the writing [illegible] is of extreme beauty. What

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Can one call it 'art forms'? he said. Coming who when, one never can tell. Fuller effects, he said about them anything that done. Perhaps, he said. You have not yet mastered your method. You should take something wilder, more fantastic, a frame work that admits anything, like Tristram Shandy. But then I should lose touch with Emotion, I said. Yes, he agreed, there must be reality for you to start from. Heaven knows how you're to do it. But he thought me at the beginning, not at the end. And he said the C.R. was dense, a classic.

Mrs. D. wrong, I fear, a flawed stone; She is very personal, he said, old fashioned perhaps: yet I think there is some truth in it. For I remember the night at Rodmell when I decided to give it up, because I found Clarissa in some way servile. Then I invented her memories. But I think some instants for her perfected. Yet again, that was true to my feeling for Kitty, & one must dislike people in art without motivation, only indeed it is true that certain to them. characters detract from the importance of what happens None of this hurts me, or depresses me. He said that having been told when I was a often (several of them) say it is a masterpiece, I am not much galled: when I get back into holes, I get back into my working lightning mood, which is natural to me. I don't do my prog a service. I like the sense of effort better. The pales collapsed completely for 3 days; now a little dribble begins again. I shall be more than blessed if we sell 1500. He now

1250.

July 20th have sold about 1530

Saturday June 27th

A better cold day, succeeding a chilly windy night, in which were let all the Chenil lanterns & fairy lights garden party. And I do not love my kind. I detest them. I pass them by. I let them trunk on me like dusty rain drops. No longer can I summon

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can one call it 'art forms'?, he said. Coming when, one never can tell. Fuller of figures, he said than anything that done. Perhaps, he said. You have not yet mastered your method. You should take something wilder, more fantastic, a frame work that admits anything, like Tristram Shandy. But then I should lose touch with characters, I said. Yes, he agreed, there must be reality for you to start from. Heaven knows how you're to do it. But he thought me at the beginning not at the end. And he said the C.R. was drama, a classic personal, he said, a flawed stone; There is very there is some truth in it. For I remember the night at Bordwell when I decided to give it up, because I found Clarissa in some way foiselly. Then I invented her memories. But I think some distaste for her persisted. Yet again, that was true to my feeling for Kitty, & one must dislike people in art without its mattering, only indeed it is true that certain characters detract from the importance of what happens to them. None of this hurts me, or depresses me. He said that having been told when I was a child (several of them) say it is masterpiece, I am not much galled; when Lytton picks holes, I get back into my working lightning mood, which is natural to me. I don't see myself a success. I like the sense of effort better. The tales collapsed completely for 3 days; now a little bubble begins again. I shall be more than pleased if we sell 1500. He now

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up that energy which when it sets one of them by little fingers
flowering pear, or rather stuck at the rock, grows round them,
grasps them, encases them, nerves them, & so finally
fills them & creates them - that I had a gift for doing this, &
a passion, & made parties ardours & gatherings
when I woke early now I begrudge most in a whole day
alone; a day of easy natural work, a little prowling, stepping
tranquilly off into the deep water of my own thoughts
& exploring the underwood; & then replenishing my lustres
at night with Swift. I am going to work about Stella -
Swift for Richmond, as a key of Jane, after prowling
scenes of the Vogue country. The first part of the C.R
(a book too highly praised now) is a request to wait for the
Atlantic monthly. So I am getting pushed in to criticism.
This a great handicap - this power to make large sense by
formulating my views on Stendhal & Swift. Jack dined
here last night, & we said how many days it seems we
three were alone in a room together? He & Nessa & I,
waiting for dinner, & a little nervous. He has a
nervous sythere encounters them the e-
sweet cordiality (odd term I use) which impressed me,
recalling mother, as she led him on; & laughed; so
uncare, so quiet, & then, when we went to Rylers
Luther dinner gathering. Jay & spirited, keeping
Clarissa & fletcher with Mrs. Ansep, so
Careless & casual & whole hearted — but enough getting.
The truth is I am too random headed to describe
Jack, yet he is worth describing. He made an laugh of
course. He said such Walterish things. "There are
two kinds of biography, my dear Lytton" — in his
old dominative sententious way with enormous
emphasis. He is red-coffee coloured, with a
speech under his chin which rests on his collar: stately

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brown eyes, a little hazy now, a one ear deaf, he said, & proceeded to tell us how he is cured by a Swiss every year, & gives the Nurses who keep the clinic a box of chocolates, which they love, being underfed. He looks in at the window & sees them handing the box round, & picking out fun. Then he told us, during back from Rogers — I insist when paying this taxi my dear Leonard — how he passed his months last summer & Caught perhaps 150 - & the man he was with (on a fishing club) left his electric light on & the mother came — sat on the curtain. He gesticulated, Mumenals, appreciated everyone very generously. L. thinks he "might become a bit of a bore". Then we discussed his writing an autobiography: upon which he became very intent, & almost embarrassed. "But could one tell the truth?" About one's affairs with women? About one's parents? My mother now — She was a very able woman — we all owe her an awful lot — but that she hated girls, especially mothers, girls. Yes so very deep — It was the terror of her life — that she was losing her charm — She would never have a girl in the house. It was a tragedy — She was a very selfish woman. (But while I type this, I am making up "To the Lighthouse" — the idea is to be heard all through it. I have an idea that I will invent a new name for my books to supplant "Novel". A new ——— by Virginia Woolf — But what? Elegy?)

Sunday 19th July

By bringing this book down here to the Hundred Thane [illegible] Hundred at I think, as my mornings have all been spent writing — journal or letters. To a whole tribe of people & parties have gone down the river to Ockham — Otis parties & complaints: Gwen Ravenscar at Wendy Dunby from Black. Yesterday, Tom hedging a little over the Bank; Sybil Colefax drinking tea & protesting her desire to give up parties; her parties when the Old Olga Lyon dropped her mucus in a rage — had to be practised by Balfour; & Ott lost her shawl; — the garden was not like a desert, & Clive Bellamy loved he [illegible] seen to the least eyelash; & to home to bed; & Mrs. Asquith, Lady Oxford, called me the most beautiful woman in the room, which compliment was repeated three nights [illegible] (so there have parties been) by Jack Hutch. at Dodie, where there were many faces again, & drunk, & again home to bed; & then little Eddie Sackville West & Julian Morrell to dine (& I am to have his hands) & Philip in to fetch her; & then a party at Ott's. with Cheng playing the hands; & the news of Stew Anderson's death there broken to Angus; & heavily pouring; & Mrs. Cartwright coming; & my book — oh yes, the Calendar has closed Mrs D. which hurt me a little; & then the tide of praise has flowed over me again & they both sell well, & my fears were unfounded; & Maynard has brought us a pamphlet which is called The Economic Consequences of Mr Churchill, & we are hearing 10,000 printed for Monday week to on Friday I went on sell at a shilling.

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a very hasty one I did at Formosa, Eddie played in the
Ground drawing room. There was George Young in a Jaunt.
Not a moments reflection has gone to any of these statements; but I
take them together, never knowing what withered shame doomed
Nicky & the whole branch of flowers. They have those bright
gay tints in the intelligent heat. For the first time
for weeks I sit by a fire, but then Jay in the Thinnest silk
dress; a persona, it's watery a windy though I feel
blue sky through my skylight. A happy summer; very
busy; rather overpowered by the need of seeing so many
people. I never ask a soul here; but they accumulate.
Long at Otholini; the Mundays Jack Mabb: Wednesday
Edith Sitwell, Friday dine with Raymond. There are
very loyal invitations: & all sorts of unforeseen ones with
others. I must cut after tea as if pursued. I mean
to regulate this better in future. But I don't think of this
future, or the past. I feast on the moment. This is the
secret of happiness; but only reached now in middle age.

Monday
July
20th

Here the door opened, & Morgan came in to ask us to
lunch with him at the Etoile, which we did, though we had
veal & ham pie at home (This is in the classic style of
Journalists) It comes of Scott perhaps. the last words
of which I have just written, & so fell up time here.
I should consider my one work best now. I think a
little story, perhaps a review, this fortnight; having a
superstitious wish to begin To the Lighthouse the
first day at Monks House. I now think I shall finish

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over the two months there. The word 'sentimental' sticks in my
gizzard (I'll write it out some more in a story. Ann Watkins of
New York is coming on Wednesday to enquire about my
stories) ~~Anyhow~~ But this theme may be sentimental:
father, mother, child in the garden: the death: the visit to the
light house. I think though, that when I begin it I shall
enrich it in all sorts of ways: thicken it: give it branches —
roots which I do not perceive now. I might contain all
Charles boiled down: a childhood; & then this impersonal
thing, which I'm dared to do by my friends, the flight of
time, & the consequent break of society in my design.
That passage (I conceive the book in 3 parts: 1. at the
Drawing room window: ~~7 years~~ 2. Seven years pass: 3.
the voyage:) interests me very much. A new problem like
that breaks fresh ground in ones mind: prevents the regular
ruts. Last night Clive dined with us, & Nelly's mother
warbeth about it this morning: a fuss to turn away before
Ottoline came; but it proved to be Adrian: & then we
talked of cancer, & Clive got red, & Ottoline came, in
tea kettle toppedon, she looked & nodded & fenced with
silver lace, & talked about Robert & Jacques, & re-told, with
emendations, the story of Ka & Henry Lamb & Hendy.
She has been working over these old stories so often,
that they hold no likeness to the truth — They are
Vale, ~~many~~ managed, pulled this way & that, as
we used to knead & knit the crumb of bread, till
it was a damp slab. Then the old motor was
heard hooting, & there was Philips & Julian, at
which, at Julian's, Clive cheered up, & was very

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brisk & obliging as he knows how. We argued the case of the aristocracy vs the Middle Class. I rather liked it. But one seldom says anything very profound. I like the sense of other people liking it, as I suppose the Monarch does, for they settle on one like a cloud of crows, once a week now. My vanity and hostess is flattered. Sometimes a battery comb of praise is thrown to me — "Lady Ilchester wants to meet you" — "admires your books enormously — wants to meet you" — & then I live, looking at my photographs in Vogue, rage that one last year — that is charming — ment to be taken very long ago, I suppose" — so you see how I snatch back from pleasure to pain; a time was when I should have ended the evening fast black in black despair; gone to bed like a diver with pursed lips thrusting into oblivion. But enough, enough — I coin this little catch word to control my tendency to flower into pleasure after pleasure. Some are good though.

What shall I read at Rodmell? I have so many books at the back of my mind. I want to read voraciously & gather material for the Lives of the Obscure — which is to be the whole history of England in one obscure life after another. Proust I should like to finish. Stendhal. & then to think about both & neither. There I weeks at Rodmell always seem capable of holding an infinite amount. Shall we buy the house at Southease? I suppose not.

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Thursday
July 30th

I am intolerably lazy & unsettled, & so write here. I do want indeed to consider my next book. but I am inclined to wait for a clearer head. The thing is I vacillate between a single & intense character-sketch: — & far wider flower book — Both T. telling me that my speed is terrific & destructive. My memoirs wandering with the pen have I think thrown me one or two nice dodges for catching my flies. I have sat here, like an improvisor with his hands rambling over the piano. The result is perfectly inconclusive, & almost illiterate. I want to learn greater quiet & force. What if I set myself that task, don't I run the risk of falling into the posture of Mr. & Mrs D.? Have I got the power needed? It is not to become intrigued? To these questions I will hear, for the moment, unanswered.

I should here try to sum up the summer: viz August: such a season, spiritual as well as temporal. Wch; however has been brisk. I don't think I get many idle hours now, the idlest being, oddly enough, in the morning. I have not forked my brain at its fancies; — but walk at Rodmell. when the Knows we have had enough visitors. Sometimes I sit dull sheep of afternoon is on me, I'm always in the Still a wonder how many people will tumble on me without ing letting a leper: already this week, uninvited, on the verge of holidays two, have come, Mary Gwen, Julian & Quentin, Geoffrey Keynes, & Roger. Meanwhile we are 'dealing with' Maynard. At Monday Murphy & I worked like slaves till 6 when I was stiff as a coal heaver. We get telegrams & telephones: I don't say we shall sell over 10,000. On Tuesday at 12.30 Maynard returns to St Pancras Registry office with Lydia, & Duncan to witness (against his will.) So that episode is over. But dear me, I'm too dull to write, & must go & fetch Mr. Wolf's novel & read it, I think. Yet I have a thousand things to say. I think I might do something in

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To the lighthouse, to split up emotions more completely. I think I'm working in that direction.

Sat. Sept 9th

And why caved in I'll be sad that all this time I was getting a little tired & sliding on a flat tire? So I was, as it happened; & fell down in a faint at Charlotte, in the middle of Dr. Westbrook's party; & then have lain about here, in that odd amphibious life of headache, for a fortnight. This has rammed a big hole in my 8 weeks which were to be stuffed to full. Never mind. Arrange whatever pieces come your way. Never be concealed by the playing of that undependable brute, life, has ridden on the back of my own queer, difficult nervous system. Even at 43 I don't know its workings, for I was saying to myself, all the summer, "I'm quite adamant now. Can go through a tussle of emotions peaceably that two years ago even, would have "raked me raw."

I have made a very quick & flourishing attack on To the Lighthouse, all the same — 22 pages swept off in less than a fortnight. I am still crawling & easily enfeebled, but if I could once get up steam again, I believe I could rip it off with infinite relish. Think what a labour the first pages of Mrs Dalloway were! Each word dabbled by a relentless clutch at my brain.

I took up the pen meaning to write on "disillusionment." I have never had any illusion so completely burnt out of me as my illusion about the Richmonds. This they effected between 4 & 6 yesterday. But Elena has no beauty, no charm, no very marked nose even. Any Coventry peasant wife is her match. Her nose is red, her cheeks blowzed: her eyes without ~~her~~ character. Even her voice & movements which used to be adorable, her distinction, her kindly Charm — all have vanished: she is a thick, dowdy, obliterated woman, who has no feelings; no sympathies,

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prominences & red angles are all completely veiled here. Decidedly no
has doubts for her complete mental equipment. She conversation
& was practically unbearable: for instance: [E] I think I could get
very fond of horses. But we are so lucky. There are some
delightful people near. People who like the same sort of
things we do. [B]. We are very lucky. There are
two fellows with 4 miles who were at Winchester with me.
One went to Ceylon as a tea planter. They both farm now.
Are you lucky in your clergyman? So much depends on
the country case of one's clergyman. [E] I really forget
anything more from the days of E. I believe Anna ate the same:
She owned like a horse with a piano: & they mean to utter a
boy a horse with a beard. She sees flowers, dogs, horses,
people with the same quiet, stolid, almost coarse, at any
rate dull indifference. Her hands are thick. She has a
double chin. She wears a long American looking flannel
coat with a rendered dowdy scarf, a white blouse,
fastened with a diamond lizard — oh the colourlessness,
drabness, & coldness of her personality — She whom I
used to think such a womanly & comforting! She is
white haired too. Bruce is completely circular: round head
eyes, nose, paunch, mind. You can't help him rolling from
thing to thing He never stops, he glides smoothly.
It would shock him to mention country, money, or people.
All has to be discovered in Nancy & Kind Lincoln.
Now the curious thing was that these characters infected us
both to such an extent that we were absolutely miserable.
I have sometimes felt the same when walking in the
suburbs. Costello Avenue made me angry like this one.
As for L: he was indignant. That human nature should
sink so low, he said: & then that people should lead such
aimless evil lives — the most detestable he could imagine.

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they took the colour, the strings, the undue deadly outcry over everything. And to think that I have ever wanted a thought when what that God-tempered worldly little glutton thought of my writing! But E. is the great disillusionment. Partly on Nicky's account. Partly through my own inscrutable & certain shades of female charm, I had still some glow at the thought of her. Now that glow is replaced by a solid tallow candle. And I feel, this morning, having stretched out tired, physically worn out mentally, benumbed, I washed, shaved, washed, cleaned. An illusion gone.

Monday Sept: 13 perhaps

a disgraceful fact — I am writing this at 10 in the morning in bed in the little room looking into the garden, the sun beaming steady, the vine leaves transparent green, & the leaves of the apple tree so brilliant that as I had my breakfast, I invented a little story about a man who wrote a poem, I think, comparing them with diamonds, & the specks web (what glass & disappear admirably with something or other else: which led me to think of Marvell on a country life, & to Herrick, & the reflection that much of it was dependent upon the town & society — a reaction. However, I have forgotten the facts. I am writing this hastily to test my power of bunch of nerves at the back of my neck — will they hold or give again, as they have done so often? — for I'm ambitious between this, in bed & out of it: partly to quiet my love itch ('quiet' an 'itch'!) for writing. It is the great solace, & scourge. Learned in London this voluptuary perfect day: this day of the peculiar September mintage; talking to Murphy in the basement, while the vans rumble by, & brogues & trousers appear at the top of the area. This leads us to think of telling Monks, & spending our summers, fruit of Pen, fruit of Nelly, fruit of

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Nature, spite of polar blasts, in the South of France. The news that Mr. Wilkinson is foregoing to buy Monks Thakes on resolution to sell it. A walk, in nearly mottled weather, on the marshes plunges me in love again. Leonard then finds his potato crop spoil, & his autumn ~~greens~~ crocuses rising. We have been in the throes of the usual servant crisis - varied this time ~~this~~ true: Nelly says Lottie wants to come back; we offer to have her: she denies it — to Karin; to Nelly she prevaricates. I was flaming into a passion with Karin, & so precipitated another headache. But we are on the lakes of the Gods: we don't intend to raise a finger either way. Only it's a curious reflection that a little strain with servants more effectually screws the nerves at the base of the head than any other I am aware of. Now why? 2 Vis, subterranean, paralytic. Tom has treated us scurvily, much in the manner that he has treated the Hutchinsons. On Monday I get a letter that fawns & flatters, ~~&~~ implores me to write for his new 4th; & proposes to discuss press matters as soon as we get back: on Thursday we read in the Lit Sup! that his new poem is published. Work Land & his other poems — a fact which he dared not confess, but sought to palliate by flattering me. He treated Jack in the same way over Vivien's story in the Criterion. The Underworld — the doings & desires of the underworld, its thrills & cabals & ~~&~~ arts at the bottom of it. He intends to set upon the methods of would; ~~disagreeable~~ & my world is really not the underworld. However, there is a kind of fun in unravelling the twists & objectives of this remarkable man. How far will they make his poetry Square? 2 Enough,

also (dept 23rd) that ~~To~~ Read is being asked to write for Tom's Press

that

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at my age, what illusions what rest any more – I mean in the
greatness of Tom, or the greatness of any guy, or our power to
influence each other intellectually – I remain detached, &
composed. Plenty of other illusions remain to me – Emotional,
personal; the pleasures of interesting Wednesday walks
this winter is now uppermost. I'm going to Greenwich, to
Caen Wood, to Glennerstown all in the dripping autumn
weather, with tea at an A.B.C. & home to a hot bath.
Really I am going to let myself slacken in Violet
ways: instead of feeling that I must keep a hedge, in keeping
Lord Berners & Lady Colefax. I am going to allow
myself to do so appropriately: saying that I strengthen
a paragraph in the Lighthouse thereby, or add another
hour to the shabby crony talk which I love best. Not
but what I shall pop here & there; but without
anxiety or preparation of clothes or any of that struggle.
This gives me a delicious sense of ease. And I have
earned it, too, for I spread my £35 dress allowance to its
furthest, & braved many a party spartanly 'on principle'
as the marmots would say. The 'principle' which
I find intermittently guiding my life is to take one's
fences. Heaven knows how I've ~~hunted~~ headed them!
Now, with my Studio habitable, & another servant perhaps,
I shall aim at haphazard, bohemian meetings, music
(we have the algraphone, & that's a heavenly present –
music after dinner ~~is~~ while I stitch at my
wool work – I go to Lewes this afternoon to meet
Nessa & buy wools) people & our own standard dropping
in: Roe, Ruffers, Smoke, Vans, Chocolate. For I'm
naturally sociable: it cannot be denied.

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Tuesday
Sept 22nd — Here my handwriting goes down hill! Another sacrifice to the Hogarth Press. Yet what I owe the Hogarth Press is barely paid by the whole of my handwriting. Haven't I just written to Herbert Fisher refusing to do a book for the Home University Series on Post-Victorian? — knowing that I can write a book, a better book, a book of my own but, for the Press of I wish! So much of every day is fattened down in the hand of those University dons. Family makes my blood run cold. Yet I'm the only woman in England free to write what I like. The others must be thinking of series & editors. Yesterday I heard from Harcourt Brace that Wm. J. & C.R. are selling 148 & 73 weekly — Isn't that a surprising sale, for the 4th month? Doesn't it portend a bathroom & a W.C. either here, or Southease?
I am writing in the waning blue sunset, the resistance of an ill tempered motor day, which vanished, the clouds. I have no doubt, throwing gold over the downs, & leaving a soft gold fringe on the top there.

Thursday
Sept. 24th — Today is — sad to think a week only left whole of this partially wrecked summer. However I don't complain, seeing as how I have lifted my head in health again & feel stabilised once more about the usual axis, which is always the centre of my being. Maynard & Lydia came here yesterday — M. in Tolstoi blouse & Russian cap of black astrachan — A fair sight, both of them, to meet on the high road! An immense good will vigour pervades him. She hums in his wake, the great man's wife. But though one could carp, one can also find them very good company, & my heart, in this the autumnal age, lightly warms to him, whom I'd

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known all these years, so truculently hugs malcontents, & sentimentality
We had very brisk talk of Russia: such a hotch-potch, & such a
mad jumble. M. says of good & bad, & the most extreme
things that he can make no comparison yet — can't get the
hang of it goes. Briefly. Vice everywhere, no liberty of speech,
Greed for money eradicated, people living in common
yet some. Lis mother for instance with servants, beggars
Cadenbed because they own land, no sign of revolution
Aristocrats acting showmen to their possessions, ballet
respected, best show of elegance. Marinsky existence
Endless processions of communists in top hats, pricey
& exorbitant, yet champagne produced, & the finest
Cooking in Europe, banquets beginning at 8.30
& going on till 2.30: people jelly visibly drunk, say
about 11, & wandering round the table, Kalinin
sitting up, & perambulating followed by a little
Crowd who clapped him steadily as he walked;
Then the immense luxury of the old Imperial trains,
feeding off the Tsars plate; interview with Zinoviev
who (I think) was a suave cosmopolitan Jew,
but had two fanatical watch dogs with square
faces standing him, & mumbling out their
mysteries, fanatically. One prediction of theirs
to the effect that in 10 years time the standard of
living will be higher in Russia than it was
before the war, but in ~~and~~ all other countries
lower. M. thought might very well come true.
Anyhow they are crammed & packed with light &
talk: Maynard has a medal set in diamond,
& L. a gold ~~&~~ sovereign wh. she was allowed
to take from the bags at the mint.

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But the keepers, I need hardly say, renewed my headache, & when Leyton came, I was drooping over the fire, & could not do much battle with that old serpent. Whatever said I think was that to the effect that he had had a fire at Ham spray, which blistered the wall, but did not touch his book— what fire could have the heart to do that? Then he had read Bunny "Really it very extraordinary— so/catty, - so Compound - the competens terrific, but... well, it like a perfectly restored Inn— Ye Olde... everything tidied up & restored." So Bunny isn't as there were rights of things in The Man in the Zoo: no humour: a perfect restoration.

But to tell the truth, I am exacerbated this morning. Was 10.25, on a fine grey rich day: Lily is doing my bedroom; the starlings are in the apple tree; Leonard is in London, & Nelly Simpson is celebrating the greatest occasion of her whole life— what marriage is to a woman - with Lottie. Lily is a wedge-eyed sheep dog girl who comes from Ilford to 'do'; but can't scramble an egg or bake a potato, & is thus ill armed for life, so far as I can see.

Beginning at 9.45 I wrote two pages of a story, as a test again; & passed it well, I think, anyhow my cistern is full of ideas. But to the point: why am I exacerbated? By Roger. I told him I had been ill all the summer. His reply is - silence as to that; but plentiful description of his own front teeth. Egotism, egotism— this the essential ingredient in a clever man's life I believe. It protects; it embalms; it preserves his own

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Vital spirits entirely by keeping them bunked in. Also I cannot help thinking that he suspects me of valetudinarianism & that encourages me: & L. is away - I can't have my thoughts kicked out by him, so must write it out. Hurrah! this bottle new. & I think I hear the papers come; I will get them, my workwork, - a glass of milk

This was I suppose successfully accomplished; & this now Wednesday morning, damp & close & sub over all the sense already of transmigration, of shedding one habit for another. My autumn Coat is green. I began to sympathise with Nelly; longing for the ease & shed of civilisation. But I row here not to be misled into thinking this is life - this perpetual grudge & stretch; or I shall again be deposited in a heap, as I was in August.

Today we are on Tom's track, riddling & ~~worrying~~ him. He won't let Read off that book, has been after him 3 or 4 months. Dignity is our line; & really, as far as the broaching of authors goes, he won't harm us. There is the fascination of a breach: I mean, after feeling all this time conscious of something sheer about him, it is more satisfactory to have it on the surface. Not that I want a breach: what I want is a revelation. Hurt & thanks the sheer shifty creature will slip away now.

I actually forgot to record the finish of Lottie drama - She is in love with the Cowman at Thorpe! She emerged after 24 hours violent argument with Nelly. She explains & excuses all: & we are, for private reasons, thoroughly content. What is worse, is poor unfortunate Karen - in shedding. They cut a nerve in her face, which is half paralysed. She can't speak. I fathom, without being

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all screwed up. She refuses to see the children for fear of frightening them. This fiend malignancy at the heart of fate seems to give her knock out blow: see that somehow she will, I suppose, find a way round, as people mostly do. This softens the heart towards her. It makes one think of her courage. But how quickly the intense feeling of sympathy passes. — She remains in one's mind as a person one is conscious of being permanently, dully, sorry for. But then ~~frequently~~ prospering will revive it. Havelock Sqre. being next door, will make one more conscious of the honour of preserving up this row faa.

27th Nov.

Oh what a blank! I tumbled into bed on coming back — or rather Ellie tumbled me; & keeps me still prostrate half the day. Next week I shall go to the ballet, my first ~~two~~ night out. One visitor a day. Till 2 days ago, bed at 5. So visitors have become an event, pictures hung on the wall. On the whole, I have not been unhappy; but not very happy: has much discomfort; sickness, (cured by eating instantly); a good deal of rat-gnawing at the back of my head; one or two terrors; then the tiredness of body — it lay like a workman's coat. Sometimes I felt old, & spent. Shadge died. Rattling among my emotions, I found nothing better than dead leaves. Her letters had taken away the reality — the buoyancy, the warmth. ~~on~~ Detestable time, that they take out the heart & let the body go on. They burned a faggot of twigs at Highgate, as far as Jane concerned. I drove to the pali, & saw Nessa & Leonard, like a pair of stuffed figures, so in. My walks are

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all screwed up. She refuses to let the children be free of frightening them. This fiend malignancy at the heart of fate seems to me her knock out blow: for that somehow she will, I suppose, find a way round, as people mostly do. This softens the heart towards her. It makes one think of her courage. But how quickly the intense feeling of sympathy passes. The impression she has on one's mind as a person one is conscious of being permanently, daily, sorry for. But then ~~frequently~~ frequently will revive it. Havelock Sqre. being next door, will make one more conscious of the honor of preserving up this row face.

27th Nov.

Oh what a blank! I tumbled into bed on coming back — or rather Ellie tumbled me: & keeps me still. Practically half the day. Next week I shall go to the ballet, my first ~~two~~ night out. One visitor a day. Till 2 days ago, bed at 5. So visitors have become as usual, pictures hung on the wall. On the whole, I have not been unhappy; but not very happy: too much discomfort; nausea, (cured by eating instantly); a good deal of rat-gnawing at the back of my head; one or two terrors; then the freedom of body — it lay like a workman's coat. Sometimes I felt old, & spent. Shadge died. Rambling among my brushes, I found nothing better than dead leaves. Her bellies had eaten away the rubber — the buoyancy, the warmth. on delectable time, that they left at the heart & let the body go on. They burned a faggot & twigs at Highgate, as far as Jane concerned. I drove to the pale, & saw Nessa & Leonard, like a pair of stuffed figures, so in. My walks are

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extended to Oxford Street; only once do I fear; & then what about
talks. Vita has been twice. She is doomed to go to Persia: a
I mended the bumper so much (thinking to lose right thro' 5
years) that I conclude I am generously fond of her. There is the
glamour & unfamiliarity to reckon with: & anyhow as (
Raymond says, But this half a pheasant —) or flattery
all the same, after sifting, I do, much, I am sure, remain.
What I may write her? That was for Mr Charleston for
Christmas? The test of true friends is that they
loosen the earth about the roots. They make changes.
People express their affection. Nessa wants to have us—
Indeed, I have seen more of her & Duncan than for many a
day. Gwen comes in: threatens to dissolve, in
hearty direct stodgy manner in floods of tears. as if
the world that Lord has must give way — such tragedies
have beaten her, together for the moment; but not
that she has not told anyone. She finds me understanding.
And I suppose she is in love — a Merchant in love — —
I don't altogether want to hear it. Reading —
working go on. Not my novel though. And I
can only thank & ask my faults as a novelist
& wonder why I do it — & wonder what Lytton increases
& Morgan decreases — Morgan is working an article on me.
This may be very helpful. It may throw me off again.
Then I want to write 'a book' by which I mean a
book of criticism for the H. P. But on what?
Letters? Psychology? Lytton is off: the
Loves of the Famous. Q. Elizabeth &c. I thought

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Clive's chief grudge against him —

& when Quentin he does regret Harold in Persia

hem at his most intimate last night; all plummy, incandescent, soft, luminous. Something slightly reptilian (two strong) Leonard His character is not so good as Morgan, he said, walking round the square in the snow to-day. "There is something about — all Strachey —" Then, when we talk, I — I, we rather crab Lytton working I observe. But all this vanishes, with me, when he comes, as yesterday, to talk, & talk, & talk. That Nessa is still most beautiful — that comes over me. That Ka is thinner — & very deaf & careless: but nothing, in my sentimental heart, can stand against these old Stephens I cannot keep my wits all together about me in talk. I begin to flitter & explode like people with a champagne mist. And then it fades. I was talking of this to Raymond — whose plump nose & flashy clothes are.) I think, the other day. That there is no substance in our friendships that they fade like — Extraordinary how he regret Harold in Persia 200 Nothing like a coin is struck — left for ever in this possession. People die; Maggie dies, & one cannot heave up a voluntary tear But then, if 6 people died, it is true that my life would cease: be still. I mean, it would run on This that though it might go on, would it have any relish? Imagine Leonard Nessa Duncan Lytton, Clive Morgan all dead.

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Dec. 7 14

I want to lie down like a tired child & weep away this life of care — & my dearey shall receive me on its downy pillow. Most Children do not know what they cry for; nor do I altogether this 12 o'clock on Monday morning. a very cold day, but sunny, healthy, cheerful. Bells ring downstairs; doors are slammed. I should be in full feather, for after all these drowsy dependent weeks I am now almost fit yet again. & can read & write. & walk a little, & mildly entertain. Well, this partly that devil Vita. No letter. No visit. No invitation to Long Barn. She was up last week, & never came. So many good reasons for this neglect occur to me that I'm ashamed to call this a cause for weeping. Only if I do not see her now, I shall not — ever: for the moment for intimacy will be gone next summer. And I resent this, partly because I like her; partly because I hate the power of life to divide. Also, I am vain. Alive will know why Vita did not come to see me. That old rat crawled to his hole, Poor woman! She did try to come — prevented, fog &c.

There is Lomis postcard about On Heavy III — an article which I, & Leonid too, thought one of my best: to his characteristic &c: I mean he is not enthusiastic: so, reading the proof just now, I saw wordiness, feebleness, & all the vices in it. This increases my distaste for my own writing, & dejection at the thought of beginning another novel. What theme have I? Shant I be held up for personal reasons.[2] It will be two like father, & mother: & yardley. I know so little of my own powers. Here is another rat run to earth. So now for news.

We shall spend Xmas at Charleston. which I'm afraid Leonard will not like much. We walked at Hampstead on Saturday. It was very cold — skating everywhere, saw them, & having brought his skates. It had a foggy watery beauty We went to Ken Wood (but dogs must be led) & there came to the dwelling ground, where great trees stand about, & presumably sheltered the 18th Century gentlemen (how I begin to love the past — I think something to do with my book —)

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& it was here that we discussed Lytton, fiercely, like married people. But my God — how satisfactory she, I think 12 years, to have any human being to whom one can speak so directly as I to L! Well, it was a question of L's change of feeling. He has the faults of small nature said L. He is ungenerous — he asks, but never gives. But I see always known that — after I have seen the dull eyelid fall over him, if one asked a little too much: some stealth of selfishness that protects him from caring too much, or committing himself uncomfortably. He is cautious — he is a valetudinarian. But — there are, as usual, the other things: & as I say, I have known about Lytton's leaden eyelid since I was 20. Nothing has ever shocked me more, I think. But L: said when they were at Cambridge Lytton was not like that to him. First there was the Jt Review: Lytton & Lytton suggested & wrote: then Ralph: then never — a word of praise for other people. Morgan, said Leonard, as we trod back over the slippery hillocks seeing a little as we talked (& yet all this past — by Mansfield recalls Katherine to me — that faint ghost, with her steady eyes, her mocking lips, & at the end, the wreath set on her hair:) Morgan has improved. Morgan is I think naturally more congenial to L. than Lytton is. He likes "Howards": he likes the dependent complicacy of Morgan's mind. He likes nothing over much, & over immense relief at this. Well, well.

I am reading the Passage to India: but will not expatiate here, as I must elsewhere. This book for the H. P.: I think I will find some theory about fiction: do I shall read its novels, & start some hares. The one I have in view, is about perspective. But I do not know. My brain may not last me out. I cannot think clearly enough. But Dan — of the N.R. is a test — beat up ideas, & open them now without

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too much confusion. By the way Robert Bridges likes Mrs Dalloway:
says no one will read it; but it's beautifully written, & some more, what
L. who was told by Morgan. Cannot remember.
I don't think it's a matter of 'development' but something to do with
prose & poetry, in novels. For instance Defoe down at one end:
E. Brontë at the other. Reality something they put at
different distances. She would have to go into Conventions:
real life; & so on. It might last me — this theory — but
I should have to support it with other things. And death — as
I always feel — hovering near. 43: how many more books?
Katie came here; a sort of framework of discarded beauty
hung on a ~~pentecostal~~ battered shape now. With the firmness of
flesh, & the blue of the eye, the formidable manner has gone.
Now see her as she was at 22 MPH 25 years ago: in a
little coat & skirt; very splendid: eyes half shut; lovely mocking
voice; upright; tremendous: they. Now the babbles
along.

But no Duke ever asked me, my dear Virginia.
They called me the Ice Queen.
And why did I marry women? I loathed Egypt: I
loathed marble. Not I: I had two very happy
times in my life — Childhood — not when I grew up — but
Talland, with my boys club, my cottage, my chow — &
now. Now I have all I want. My garden — my dog."
I don't think her novels in any way. She is one of the
Cold eccentric great English women, enormously
enjoying her rank, & the eminence it lends her in
St John's Wood, & now free to poke into all the
dusty holes & corners. Dead like a charwoman, with
hands like claws, & finger nails clotted with dirt. She
never stops talking. She lacks much body to her.
She has almost effaced in most. But I enjoyed it.

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though I think she has few affections, & no very passionate interests. Now, having cried my eyes, & the sun coming out, to write a list of Christmas presents - Ethel Sands comes to tea. But no Vita.

Dec. 21st

But no Vita! But Vita for 3 days at Lewes House, from which I & I returned yesterday. There Lesbianism love women; friendship - never entangled with amorosity. In short, my fears & refraining, my 'impertinina' my usual deep-entwinement in intercourse with people who might want me & so on - were ah, as I said, sheer fudge; & gratefully thanks to him, (he made me write) I wound up this wounded & stricken year with great flow style. I like her & being with her, & the splendour - the Manet in the Groom shop in Sevenoaks with a candle lit Indiana, walking on legs like beech trees, pink flowering, grapes clustered, pearl hung. That is the secret the glamour, I suppose. Anyhow she found me incredibly dowdy, no woman cared in for personal appearance - no one put on things in the way I did. Yet so beautiful, &c. What is the effect of all this on me? Very mixed. There is her maturity & full breastedness: her being so much in full sail on the high tides, whose I am soaring down track wakes: her superiority I mean to take the floor in any company, to represent her country, to visit Chatsworth, to control silver, servants, show dogs; her motherhood (but she is a little cold & off hand with her boys) her being in short (what I have never seen) a real woman. Then there is some voluptuousness about her; the grapes are ripe; & not reflective. N.B. In brain & insight she is not as highly organised as I am. But then she is aware of this, & so darken in me the

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Such a being must have stood out conspicuously among his fellows; the facts of his life would have been the ground of the faith in his genius; & when his early death endeared & sanctified his memory, loving grief would generously grant him the laurels which he had never worn.

(Walter for Wednesday.)

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maternal protection which, for some reason, is what those always most wished from everyone. what d-fever me, & Nessa fever me, & Vita, in her more clumsy external way. Even to fever me. In fact of course, mingled with all their glamour, shake chemin & peare necklaces. there is something loose fitting. How much, for example, shall I really miss her when she is motoring across the desert? I will make a note on that next year. Anyhow, I am very glad that she is coming to tea today, & I shall ask her, whether she minds my dressing so badly? I think she does. Read her poem; which is more compact, better seen & felt than anything yet shen.

Morgan Forster. Years, are bad. Dear me —
Even Roger is in love with H. Morgan's outcrop
has cheered me very much. L. is going up further
& for visits at the moment. The workmen
Leads
are hammering, there Eugenie throbbing, outside on
the hotel. We go down to Charleston tomorrow,
just without some Rehearsal in my part.
partly because I shall be hung about with trailing
clouds of glory from Long Barn &. always discontents
me, makes me more than usually nervous:
then I am — altogether to queer in some ways.
The Curtain needs another.

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Tuesday
Jan. 19th

Vita having this moment (20 minutes 3 - she is now 7) left me, what are my feelings? A dim November fog: the light dulled & damped. I walked towards the sound of Parcel afar in Parchment Street. But the words despere: then I think want her, clearly & distinctly. Then not - & so on. This is the normal human feeling I think. One wants to smash sentences. One want that atmosphere - to live so very a calm. She is not clever; but abundant & fruitful, truthful too. She takes so many words of life: reflects a variety, with her own expression, sitting on the floor this evening in the gas light. We Dined last night at the Ivy with Clive; & then they had a supper party, from which I refrained. Oh - mixed up with this is the invigoration of again beginning my novel, in the Strand, for the first time this morning. Ah these fountains play in my Days, now Vita is gone: & some pathos, common to all these partings, as she has 4 days journey through the snow.

such a young man have stood out conspicuously among his fellows; the facts of his life would have been the ground of the faith in his genius; & when his early death endeared & sanctified his memory, loving grief would generously grant him the laurels which he had never worn.

Such a

This is a great pleasure, I think; this making up lives & putting out these vast biographies little pieces of real feeling or humour or oddity with which to decorate them. Only I would have you notice that this not reading in the sense that reading a novel is reading. We are using different faculties; we are getting a different kind of pleasure. And I go on to suggest that a play has its own

But now there comes a hoot again, when one gets tired of people. One gets tired of living in the book at the oddities & one wishes that ~~tired~~ tired of the slowly ~~naked~~ unlucky mean way in which these large shapeless books are written. What does one want then? ~~Poetry~~ I think. So Lady Waterlow & Lady Cunning drive one straight into the arms of Mellon. For ~~these are the words~~ we are so made that we get tired of each this. We want to be alone; we want to be alone partly in order that we may think more closely — closely about people; & about also about the sky, trees, birds, flowers, things we have seen, ideas that come to us. This is the kind of mood, I imagine, in which it is natural to go to the shelf & find a book. I said Mellon. Because he is in some ways the purest, the least personal of poets. ~~It~~ Mellon ~~would not have cared~~ to scarcely realised the quickness of Lady Waterlow — Lady Cunning & all the fun & gossip, oddity of

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daily life. To read poetry I think you want to put
rather voluntary flame of the mind. You want to be
able to concentrate your mind very intensely. upon
& to ~~break those faculties~~ look out for all those qualities
which we must also look out for in a novel; only
we must find them squeezed together, packed into an
acorn instead of spreading over a whole large
room. Everything is heightened. ~~For~~ Still a poets
tools are very dangerous & very powerful. Take
metre for example. If we tried to write a letter upon
very about the woman who cheated us of June Shelley in
metre we should see at once what an emotional
effect we should gain.

intensified,
packed
together.

At the windy corner of the dreary street
A woman ~~stood, Her~~ stood stopped me. O thou, the said,
~~Which~~ Who you who pass by, consider my woe just
Send here from dawn to night, the death of hope,
~~They carry me from~~

Well – I am not a poet; & I do not see how to deck that
story in verse. ~~Indeed I~~ But Nevertheless. I spend a
good deal of time reading & observing how a poet does un-
very much that, carry out all the details, keep
language in a particular way, a setting. The metre &
form it does produce emotion with.